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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## To Laura at the Piano.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER BY CLAUDE ROHAN.

When thy white hand o'er the ivory dances,  
Writing on the keys thy heart's romances,  
Soul-less, statue-like I stand.  
Thou hast power o'er the dead and living;  
While thy brain those gorgeous chords is weaving,  
Dead ideas waken—  
From memory's charnel taken,  
And living thoughts are lost on the Cocytus' strand.

Reverent and slow the breeze is soaring,  
Listening to thy soul's outpouring.  
Fettered to thy softly-purling  
Song, for ever round thee whirling,  
Listening natures must be quiet  
And drink in thy joy-songs riot.  
Sorceress as thou charm'st one by thy glance,  
So thou charm'st them by thy fingers' dance.

From the strings emanate, (as from their heaven  
Seraphs fair and young,)  
Soulful harmonies; and space is risen  
By this sensual throng.

As the suns,—escaped from chaos' mighty arm,  
And moulded by creation into form—  
Rose, sparkling, from their cradle night,  
So flows thy song's bewitching night.

Sweetly now, as chrysal wavelets tinkle  
When thy golden pebbles oversprinkle,  
Grandly then as nature's moans,  
As the thunder's organ tones,  
Madly now flowing, like the foam-footed torrent  
When it rushes and leaps from the rocks high and horrent  
Soft and subdued  
Fawningly tender now,  
As through the aspen-wood  
Caressing winds blow,

Sadder now, thereby a tearful sobbing,  
Like the night winds through the Tartarus throbbing,  
Where the ceaseless cries of woe  
On the Cocytus' tear-waves flow.  
Maiden! placing on thy word reliance,  
Tell me, art thou not with higher spirits in alliance?  
Is not this the language given  
To the denizens of heaven?

Cincinnati, Sept. 1860.

## The Diarist Abroad.

UTILE ET DULCE.

[Had you stood—a little more than a month ago, —to be exact, August 3, about 7 o'clock, P. M.,—just outside the railroad station-house in Munich, near the cab stand, you might have seen emerging from one of the doors, a rather short and stout individual—several inches too short and thick to be mistaken for an Apollo—with a gray felt travelling cap on his head, and a straw broad brim in his hand, a bushy, whitening beard covering the south side of his face, an armful of shawl and extra coat, and two black travelling bags and an umbrella. It rained. This individual was the D——!]

He had come that afternoon from Salzburg, upon that magnificent railroad that skirts the great Bavarian plains and affords such exquisite views of the Alps through nearly its whole extent.

At the moment when our tale opens he had refused to employ a cab to carry him the few rods which intervened between the Station and the Stackus Inn, and was proposing to a laboring man, to take his bags and lead him to the Gast-haus. How he found the Stackus full—where he had spent so pleasant an eight days in 1851—and three other inns—and at last put up with a room in the new part of the Bamberger-hof, the undried plaster of which still dripped,

—how he ate fish and then went into the great beer hall of the inn and made ethnological observations—and how at last he rolled himself in his shawl, before he trusted himself to the tender mercies of the damp bed—all this and the like, we pass over.

It was hardly light when the D—— arose, and made ready to take the 5 A. M. train which was to bring him to Frankfort on the Main, at nine in the evening. It appears from the documents furnished us by the individual in question, that he found a great crowd of people pressing to the ticket office; that he and a strange gentleman waited until the crowd was less and reached the window at the same moment; that the stranger, whose baggage was already delivered, handed out the exact price of his ticket in Bavarian silver, a portion of which was in small pieces; whereupon the ticket seller, pushed it back, exclaiming in a rude tone, "I have no time to count it," and refused the ticket! Our hero, thereupon with misgivings offered the only money he had, Prussian bank notes—and a ticket was also refused him. The train was off. Four hours to wait and a night to spent on the road—pleasant prospect. The ticket man caught it, from the Russian, for such the stranger proved to be. The two companions in misfortune became acquainted and the D——, learned that his new friend was a large landed proprietor and Russian Senator.

Our hero undertook a long walk, but was driven back to the station by rain. The Russian invited him to visit the Schwanthaler Studio, where he had recently purchased one of Hautmann's beautiful statues for his seat in Russia. A welcome invitation.

The Studio—now the Schwanthaler Museum—a large rambling collection of rather rudely built rooms and halls, contains the models of most—perhaps all the great works of that master; the grand head of the Bavaria; colossal Goethes, Mozarts, Jean Pauls and others; kings, princes, warriors, artists.

But what interested the D—— most, was Sculptor Hautmann himself—a man in the best years, with a fine, noble head, and singularly modest and retiring. He spoke of his own works only in reply to the questions, which their beauty forced from his visitors. Two fine models of female figures, size of life, together with a remark made by the D——, in relation to Hautmann's knowledge of the English tongue, led to a story, which he told with a slightly sarcastic smile playing round his mouth, of an immensely wealthy English Mæcenas for whom he had wrought them in marble. The risk of breaking them was so great, that he went to England and finished them there. This risk he must bear himself—for if the statues were not delivered and placed upon their pedestals uninjured, Mæcenas would not have them nor pay him a penny for his labor. Mæcenas saw in the artist evidently, but the stonecutter and the pecuniary results corresponded to this idea. The D—— was reminded of the rich New Yorker, who guessed "that sculptor had ris'."

It was pleasant to hear Hautmann speak of Crawford's Works; especially of the Washington and the accompanying statues, and of the Beethoven, which, though as a portrait might as well be called by a dozen other names, yet as an ideal statue of a great musical artist, is magnificent. He exhibited some models and works half completed in marble—funereal monuments—destined for America; and wrought a few minutes upon a group of children, reclining in

a shallow vase-like basket, that his visitors might see the *modus operandi*. Altogether it was a pleasant hour and made up in some measure for the rudeness of the railroad official.

The D—— was in too great haste to reach Frankfort, to remain in Munich, and paring with the friendly Russian—who assured him that all difficulties were gradually disappearing in the emancipation of the serfs, and that his Czar would carry this great measure through—he proceeded onward to Bamberg, where he spent the night.

Next day, via Würzburg, per railroad, to Frankfort, and to the inn, "Stadt Darmstadt," which is as small, and neat, and clean, and pleasant, as it was, when Rev. J. A., who recommended it so highly, was there five years ago.

A busy week here; the forenoons mostly with Schindler, the Biographer of Beethoven—indeed two or three of the afternoons also. These long interesting, and exciting conversations, confirmed the visitor in the opinion at different times recorded in this Journal, that the so much abused Schindler, however much mistaken in many minor points in his book, owing to insufficient data, and to the errors of correspondents, is a perfectly honest writer, and fired with a love and veneration for Beethoven's memory, which seems to increase with advancing age—for Schindler is now a man of sixty-five years. He has a good memory—for he recognized in the D——, his visitor of 1854, and enquired about Homer and other Americans, whom he had seen at various times.

Schindler declares that nobody plays Beethoven's works now in the style of the composer himself, and the players of his time, whom he instructed. This must be so; for nobody now executes in his manner. Hawkins—is it not?—says, that when Handel played on organ or harpsichord, he held his hands so still that a guinea would not slip from them; this was Bach's, Mozart's and Beethoven's manner. How can the modern mode of tossing the hands, as if playing with balls, bring out the effects produced by those masters? Other effects, perhaps as good, but the effects which they intended in their music—is not that doubtful? Would it not be well for some good pianist to examine into this matter?

From Frankfort to Bonn, where after a busy season, the D—— at length writes us as follows:]

Bonn, Sept. 8th, et seq. 1860.

I came down the Rhine from Mayence the other day, or rather two days, for I stopped one night in Coblenz. On the boat I met Carl Formes, who must now be with you again, for he told me that he was to sail for America on the first of September.

It is six years since I was last on the Rhine. Alas, they are spoiling it! The railroad on the left bank from Cologne to Mayence has been long finished, and another on the right bank, is drawing near completion. The shores are thus gradually becoming as stiff and uniform all the way as those of a canal. They are spoiling the Rhine—that is, just as you spoil a magnificent savage from the far West by civilizing him and dressing him up in swallow-tailed coat and stove-pipe hat.

So much the better for trade and business, I know; your civilized savage has far more wants

to be supplied by the trader, than the savage who still knows nothing of rum and religion.

Ten years ago the stream here and there could still undermine and carry away its banks; many of the little towns and villages, brooding in their nests between the river and the hills, which now show a thousand unmistakable marks of modern improvement, in new buildings of all sorts, promenades with rows of young trees, and the like, then looked so old and tumble-down, so neglected, sleepy and lazy, and sent out so strong a—say perfume, that Father Rhine held his nose as he rushed by—as to carry an American irresistibly back into the far legendary past and change for him a mere tramp on the Rhine into a journey in the middle ages. That is what we want, is it not? We can see enough of the New in the new world—indeed a vast deal so very new as to be worse than worthless—but when we visit Europe we ask the Old. We wish to see the Europe of which we have read all our lives.

When Paul Flemming stopped his coach and went up the ascent to Stolzenfels, the old ruined castle preached him a sermon, not over and above comprehensible, upon a Bishop of ancient time and his homunculus; now you find there a marvellously trim castle "with all the modern improvements," and the man or woman who shows you about, describes this and that, shows you the sword of Napoleon, (a trophy of Waterloo), and at last astonishes and awes the auditor by the momentous information that in *this* room—this particular room—Queen Victoria slept in 1845! He does not tell you, though you may very likely hear it in Coblenz, that Victoria (the wife, not the Queen), kept her Albert here shut up for a time, away from the danger of prettier eyes than her own—which is probably a joke or a piece of scandal;—nor does he tell of the homunculus. There by Bingen, too, Bishop Hatto's Mouse tower, which used to have such a fine, old, decayed ruined look, all neglected on its island, has been renovated and looks as trim as a peasant girl in so tight a bodice that she can hardly breathe, and her hair tied back so fast that she can't shut her eyes.

Tall red brick chimnies of manufactories are increasing in number, until they bid fair to become the feature in the landscape, and reduce old doujon keeps and curious watch-towers to quite a secondary place. There is one comfort, though; many of the ruins are upon such barren, bare, God-forsaken pinnacles of rock, that they can never pay for modernizing; nor do I see how they can be made of any pecuniary value, unless some German, who has been in America, should have gained acuteness enough to buy them, surround them with a wall and charge twenty-five cents admission.

For the people who live here, they are not spoiling the Rhine; the peasants and laboring classes, have higher wages, and are better educated, fed and clothed than ever before. We are the sufferers, we who travel in search of picturesque antiquity. Is not a squalid, half starved, ragged, dirty beggar, a thousand times better subject for Barry, the artist, than you or I, ruddy from good beef and in our "Sunday" suits?

In Coblenz I asked young Wegeler about the man in the custom house, whilom the topic of a confab between Paul Flemming and his coachman.

"He is not on the custom house," said he,

"but the Kaufhaus"—which proved to be a building, wherein are offices connected with the markets. It stands with the rear based upon the town wall, by the river Moselle, not far below the bridge, and fronts upon a market-place. Rising from the cave above, the main entrance is a low clock tower, and under this protrudes a large face and head of iron, wearing a helmet. The eyes are turned to one side, so that your own almost ache from sympathy; and this, with the great mouth and the huge black beard, make him look grim enough. It is only at noon that the head gives signs of life; so, next day, as noon approached, I *happened* to be taking a walk in that quarter, and found myself before the Kaufhaus a minute or two before the time. Two or three children of smaller, and two of us of larger growth, were the visitors to the man on the Kaufhaus that day. Small notice *he* took of us! His eyes were as fixed as ever in their side-ward glance. Giant Grim himself could not look grimmer. Did he await an enemy or a friend from that quarter? Was it fear or hope, that I read in his face?

The children of smaller growth made no secret of it, that the man on the Kaufhaus was what they "had come out for to see"; but we two put on such an extraordinary air of being innocent of all knowledge of and curiosity in regard to the distinguished personage under the clock tower, that doubtless there was "loud smiling" behind fifty windows at our expense.

There!—down goes the great under jaw, and, with the boom of the bell again flies upward. Twelve times the clock strikes, and twelve times the man on the Kaufhaus wags his black beard; but he never turns his eyes, nor speaks one word.

The steamboat, favored by the swift current, flew past the island of Nonnenwerth and Roland's (not R. Litchfield's) corner, on the left, than the Drachenfels or Dragon Rock, with the other of the Seven Mountains, on the right, and Bonn was before us, some three miles away seen across plain and river. A few minutes more and the boat was moored at the landing, and I once again trod the narrow streets of my first German home.

No Grande Hotel Royale, or costly Stern for me, but a quiet room in the Swan, Honecker's inn, where I can write and read undisturbed, and of an evening see, sipping their wine and playing cards for stakes of one and two cents, the same faces, now something older, it is true, that congregated at the same tables for the same purposes eleven years ago. Some have disappeared, new ones are added to list of regular guests; but enough of the same well known faces are there, to make me doubt as I draw up a chair to the table, whether since 1849 more than two or three weeks have elapsed.

Round the corner in Achter Strasse I find changes. Where I formerly lodged, father, mother and one brother have gone to the grave, the others are scattered, and strange faces only are to be seen.

But the town itself—how it has grown, and how it is still growing. Within the old walls the changes are principally in the rearing of new houses upon the narrow sites of the old; but beyond, splendid private dwellings, some of palatial extent with noble gardens and pleasure grounds,

are giving a new aspect to the town, as one looks down from the Kreuz or the Venus berg.

In fact, if change and improvement go on at the rate in which I have observed them during two years past, from the North Sea to the Danube, from Vienna to Cologne, the American traveller in a generation or two, will hardly find a nook or corner in which he can find himself transported back into the past. One of the greatest of jokes even now is to read in Congressional speeches and July orations of "effete and decaying Europe," when single States of our own Union can show more of the effete and the decaying, than all Central Europe!

This little city, Bonn, heavily taxed as it is for State purposes, has spent some \$50,000 in widening the narrow, dirty passage, which six years ago separated the wall from the river, into a broad, handsome promenade and landing place, with walks and shade trees. "Effete decaying Europe" has always an eye and the money for the beautiful. Besides the two fine public promenades, back of the town, planted with quadruple rows of magnificent chestnuts, beeches and lindens, hundreds of acres of wooded land upon the heights a mile away, where one can get solitude, shade and exquisite views of river and mountain, are secured to the public for its enjoyment and benefit forever. I venture to say that the thirty-five to forty thousand people of Bonn and its neighboring villages, have a larger provision of promenades and parks than the three hundred thousand of Boston and vicinity.

"Well, suppose they have," say you. "What then?"

Oh, nothing—nothing at all, only this:—if every little city can afford to give its poor such extensive pleasure grounds, and spend such sums to make them attractive, I pray you, the next time you make a political harangue, to be a little careful how you talk about Europe, lest you be heartily laughed at by some German or Frenchman, who happens to know that about the only provisions for the enjoyment of the poor, made by several generations of Americans, were cheap preaching and cheap rum. Moreover, don't boast too much of Boston and Cambridge commons.

Mem. To hint to the first old bachelor millionaire who asks me what he shall do with his money, that he leave it to trustees for two purposes, viz., the purchase of Corey's hill and neighboring grounds for a public park, and the establishment of an annual series of grand concerts, alternating with the Lowell lectures.

As I have nothing else musical to write about let us ride this hobby horse a little.

Fancy the fund established and in the hands of the trustees for the "Lowell Concerts." How is its income to be appropriated?

Why not establish a Conservatory or musical college?

Simply, because our first object is to effect a general culture and improvement of the public taste. This will in the end secure a musical college, as the general diffusion of knowledge has brought with it better schools, public libraries and stated meetings of all kinds for the advancement of science. No, the fund is given, and is to be employed only, for concerts.

The directors, of whom a part are musicians by profession, and who are partly changed every year, are left free to decide what these concerts

shall be, save that they must provide for an annual series of vocal and instrumental performances of music of various epochs and schools so arranged as to deserve the name of "historical concerts." These performances are to be illustrated by a lecture, or by carefully prepared programmes. They are also to provide for one, two or three annual productions of new works, by native composers, beyond this the appropriation of the fund is left to their wisdom and taste. If they see fit to purchase and distribute—in some manner that shall exclude favoritism—five hundred tickets to the performance of an oratorio or of an opera in the English language so much the better, or if they devote a handsome sum toward the maintenance of a really full band to play upon the Common evenings, none the worse.

Different boards of directors will naturally have different views, and thus, one year with another, variety will be secured; while the old church, dramatic, and instrumental music of the historic concerts will form a basis for a wide and general musical culture.

I see in fancy one board of directors, whose efforts are directed mainly to grand productions of church music and oratorio; another whose labors and influence form an epoch in the history of English opera—or opera in English—as you will; a third which places orchestral performances upon a new and very grand footing; a fourth which has developed new musical resources in the schools; and so on.

I look forward a few years and see the Music Hall crowded to its utmost capacity, for several days in May, and when I enquire what is the reason of the concourse, am told, to-day the four prize symphonies are to be given, to-morrow the prize cantatas are to be sung, and the day after come the miscellaneous compositions of our young composers.

And in what does the prize consist?

In a stipendium after the European manner which enables the successful candidates to spend two or three years in study, at home or abroad as he will.

And who are all these performers?

The orchestra is the splendid company which has gradually grown up since the foundation of the Lowell concerts. The singers are in part our fine English opera company, in part members of our old Handel and Haydn Society, in part from the schools, and in part, and a very valuable part, the choir of our musical college.

\* \* \*  
"Herr T. Herr T."

"Well, what?"

"Mittagessen." [Dinner is ready.]

T.—] Bless me! and so I am in Bonn, in 1860—and not in Boston, sixty years hence! 'Twas a pleasant ride on the hobby, though!

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Confessions of a Musical Soul.

(From the posthumous papers of a Moravian Sister.)

(Continued from page 219)

In an earlier stage of our community, when it existed as such in its fullest sense, all the forms of life, worship and labor being made a common impulse, and tending to a certain end, little room was allowed for romantic attachments or the growth of the poetry of love, that forms a constituent of all female autobiography. Strange as it may seem to the world at large, where the mere

embellishments of life, and the vanities of romance form such an engrossing element of all pursuit and action, where the history of marriage is always a drama fraught with incident, excitement and tragedy—in our diminutive world partners for life are chosen not by, but for each other.

Equally strange will it appear, when told, that in these apparently blindfold engagements in which the happiness of all the coming future was at stake, there was but seldom a shipwreck of the heart or a blight of all those early hopes which, from childhood to maturity, form the perpetual dream of our existence. Excess of intellect, which some suppose to be an anomaly, of passion, of feeling, are the usual drawbacks of wedded life; and these elements of discord find more indulgence in luxurious ease than in a rugged and homely simplicity.

What the interior of wedded life proved to be in all its details, no Moravian auto-biography has ever disclosed. Nor have the diaries left behind ever shown that man and woman were bound in unwilling fetters. Like the overture which is a characteristic of the whole piece, the precedents of marriage were characteristic of the whole life's performance. Commencing, not in enthusiasm, which derives its chief nurture from the fiction of worldly happiness, but in what at once gave eclat to the men and women of the day I refer to, a total negation of egotism; the true Moravian marriage was not grounded on a love of self.

The divine being, under the impersonation of brother and bridegroom, was the absorbing thought of life, and to convey his personality among those who had never heard the name of Christ uttered was the leading idea, under which the whole Zinzendorfian creed, worship and activity had sprung up.

But to make trial of the destiny that might await me, and which this apparently singular institution of submitting to authority in the choice of husband and wife rendered still more problematical, never fell to my lot. My musical resources never forsook me; I had commenced my education in song, by the simple cultivation of the Moravian hymn and the tone-poetry of the classical composers of the last and present century; and when, more recently, new styles of musical thought were awakened among composers whose name is legion, I attempted, with how much skill I will not pretend to say, to warm myself into their beauties and intricacies. For those who write and labor for the future, and not for the present, and instead of taking man as he is, think for him when he shall have cast aside his present material predilections and become a more spiritualized thing of earth, I could never find any sympathy.

As in all modern intellectual poetry contrived in the most ingenious forms and glossed over with the superficial polish of art, its truest beauty is derived from these occasional passages of heart-poetry that are wont here and there to find an outlet; so in the most vague, dreamy and philosophical music of our day heart-melody is never entirely suppressed, although often dimly perceived amid the mists of instrumentation.

Is the present then a mere variation of the past? and is the theme which beat within the bosoms of the old composers always throbbing within that of every living tone-thinker? Ho-

mer wrote for all ages and so did Mozart. Those simple themes of the word and tone-poet never seem dull to the ear, even when the love of so-called scientific music has run its course.

Although addicted to reading in almost any department of literature, my parent, perceiving my strong musical bent, endeavored to foster it by leading me away from intense study; as he believed that nothing was more fatal to the growth and development of tone-poetry within us than strong intellectual exercise. He held that the finest musical organization was easily disturbed, its ethereal imaginings dispelled, by allowing the mind to be perplexed by the stern logical facts of life, or the thinking faculty to come into conflict with our musical instincts.

Zinzendorf's lyrics themselves, though a model for all sacred poets, and replete with the finest Christian imagery, are studied rather as an act of elevation rather than for their intrinsic literary merits, and I had recourse to the German and English poets, whenever I felt inclined to indulge in that species of fiction wherein words and rhythm supply the place of tone. The poetical gift was a characteristic of many of the Moravian women of a primitive day. In addition to an almost universal proclivity for music, they adopted the style of Zinzendorf and communed with the object of their adoration in verses of their own composition. Many of these are extant, and are forcible evidences of their living faith and their entire devotion to the theme of superhuman love sacrifice and atonement.

As this older school passed away, studies more literary and classical took the place of that entire consecration of thought to one engrossing subject; the mind became emancipated from its morbidly devotional condition, and more alive to what was transpiring in the actualities of life and the general progress of human thought. Fiction, therefore, in prose and poetry, was moderately indulged in by our people. Our very history was a romance embracing the material that makes up many an exciting tale; that furnishes biography with its most interesting traits of truthful sacrifice, disinterested heroism, philanthropic love, geniality of temper. Our stage of action was the whole surface of the globe. In the offices of humanity, our transactions with man extended to every condition of civilization.

But from the paucity of those among us who were engaged in literary pursuits, nearly every one being employed either in the work of the Gospel or the instruction of the schools, few fictions were ever attempted based on this romance of Moravianism. Zinzendorf was sometimes made the subject of an idealism; his life, trials and adventures have been embodied in a little tale, written with all the artlessness of the old tone of Moravian thought; but of all those ardent, devoted and marvellous spirits whose lives were spent under the same impulses of good will to men, no literary portrait worthy of the character and subject it might have personified, has ever been handed down. As a literary topic for the world at large, it had too little worldliness in it to make it attractive, but to the heart grown up within the abodes of that beautiful religious system of poetry, music and sacred symbolism the subject has ready access and admission. In all efforts of fiction, having for their object the portrayal of an inner Moravian life, the vicissitudes of the people, their reverses and misfor-

tunes throughout centuries of time, a religious tone must necessarily reign throughout, which to the mere reader of profane poetry but rarely possesses that charm he is naturally in quest of.

In the great work of philanthropy which gave character to our history, the cause of education was a marked feature. In most of our European and American villages schools were established, which, for a whole century, have been the cradle of many a fine mental structure among both sexes, and the retrospect of such individuals as they return in memory to the old precincts of an early parental love that hovered over them as they gathered the fruits of elementary training, is filled with pensive and grateful joy.

Among others selected for the grave office of instruction, I was chosen to watch the growth and budding of the youth placed under my charge, and in this responsible vocation I had an ample opportunity, in common with my contemporaries, to test myself and gather those convictions in regard to my idiosyncrasy which the grand experiment of practical life forces upon us.

In this sphere of activity, the sounds of music were scarcely ever lulled; the piano, the guitar, the harp and voice were in constant requisition, and we lived amid the associations of tone; of a never-ceasing sighing of notes; amid a sea of song whose waves never subsided. In our schools in this country strenuous efforts are ever made to conduct the youthful pupil amid these idyllic scenes of pleasing rhythm and the simple melodious flow which characterized the earlier German tone-poets. In many instances where a departure from popular feeling gave rise to finer culture and preserved a choice musical nature from falling, the influence of the only true music we possess prevailed, and many genial spirits left these schools filled with the elementary principles of all that is good and really beautiful in the deep, the sublime, the limitless world of tone.

Many, on the other hand, were led astray by the monotonous fascinations of the Italian school and by the thousand forms of ballet music, under-rate its modern ornamentation of the polka, galop, and those oscillatory movements of tone composition, which demand no inventive powers, no Beethoven faculty, but are a simple product of the most elementary condition of musical feeling.

With the aid of a knowledge of thorough-bass, I was enabled to devote many hours to original composition, and in giving such vent to my musical inclinations, I was ever discovering some new form or image of unseen beauty, called into being by those chords of harmony that occasionally suffer an alliance with discord, in order to show forth more strongly and vividly their own tone colors. Yet in familiarizing one's self with the works of a classic school of music, many groupings and successions of sounds rise up before us, which would seem to belong to our own imagination and leave no claims for purely original thought. Paradoxical as this may seem, we shall find by analysis, that with means differing so little in themselves, such widely different results should be produced. I was often led to compare my essays at composition with the amusement of the Chinese puzzle, where an endless riddle is at work to disclose new designs of a mathematical beauty, which pleases because it solves a problem of art. Such a puzzle, in its application to music, I found to be exhaustless, and in all my attempts

at new forms, I discovered every new arrangement led to another as yet undiscovered by minds who had gone before me, and whenever a leisure hour would allow me to indulge in these congenial recreations, I proceeded to place before my mind some new figure of tone. In speaking thus of my own efforts at composition, I will probably be looked upon as an exception to the rule, which, from some obscure psychological law, renders it rare and unusual for woman to originate musical thought. Successful as she is in interpreting the conceptions of others, both through the instrument and voice, she rarely assumes the province of composer or imposes upon her emotions the task of invention. This problem is still more difficult to solve, when we bear in mind how conspicuous a stand she takes in pictorial art; not only by copying the designs of others, but by expressing her own views of nature with those impassioned means which the pencil places within her power. Of this riddle I never discovered a satisfactory solution; an inference drawn from it was, that the faculty of design in painting was essentially different from that of musical invention, and that although an equal exuberance of feeling takes place in either situation, the composer's genius must embrace elements of mental vigor which are peculiar to man.

To the pleasure I enjoyed in raising up before me these musical structures, I never added the labor of committing anything to writing. Many new discoveries were, therefore, lost and rendered irrecoverable, except when the memory treasured up little morceaux, that clung to it as the image of the wild flower had done before I had formed my attachment to art.

But I was never willing to admit, as many will have, that the simple heart-themes of the old masters had become obsolete. To me those artless forms of tone thought possessed the most intense and enduring beauty, and they always came up before me as the day dream of childhood is re-awakened and dreamt over again, when age invests it with new charms, and revives a lost picture for our study and perusal.

In the old and stereotyped themes of the Germans, in common with the Italian school, we find a large admixture of the plaintive element, traceable not only in the song, but in a marked degree in the language of the Teutonic and Italian races; and all airs wherein plaintive thought arises excite a ready sympathy, as often as the soul allows its chords to lose their tension, and those vibrations between hope and fear, in which we may sometimes be said to live, display themselves. By many of my pupils this plaintive subject was preferred, and was looked upon as an exclusive beauty in music; but wherever such a preference was too strongly shown, I strove to modify it and give a tincture of healthy feeling to that youthful taste which is easily led astray.

(To be continued.)

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.

### L'Enlèvement du Sérail.

"L'Enlèvement du Sérail" (and not *du* Sérail, as given in the bills of the Théâtre Lyrique, which is an absurdity) holds in the works and career of Mozart a place of far different importance from that of Abou Hassan in Weber's. Mozart wrote this delicious chef d'œuvre at Vienna, in 1782, and it has been played ever since in all the German theatres. Mozart was then twenty-six, and not seventeen, as the

critics have said who we should have supposed would have been better informed of facts so universally known. Independently of two or three operas composed in his early youth in Italy, Mozart wrote *Idoménée* in 1780 at Munich, a chef d'œuvre from which the Conservatoire has given so many admirable selections. "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" and the "Flûte Enchantée," written in the year 1791, are the only operas composed by Mozart in the German language. The libretto of "L'Enlèvement" taken from an old play of the German theatre, was written almost under the dictation of one Stephani. Mozart wrote to his father on the 1st of August, 1781: "Young Stephani brought me yesterday a libretto to set to music. It is pretty, and the subject is entirely Turkish. I shall compose the overture, the chorus of the first act, as well as the first chorus, with Turkish music. I am so pleased with my subject that the first air to be sung by Cavalieri, that intended for the tenor Adamberger, and the trio that concludes the first act are already finished. After a year of struggle against a formidable cabal, fully conscious of the greatness of the genius which it would prevent from being made known, the first representation of "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" took place on the 13th of July, 1782, with immense success. In a letter from Mozart to his father on the 7th of August, he writes that Gluck was so pleased with the music of his opera that he invited him to supper after the representation, at which the composer of "Armide" and "Orphée" had assisted. It is pleasant to see this high and noble impartiality in the lives of illustrious men. We all know Haydn's reply to the father of Mozart, when asked what he thought of his son: "On my honor and before God, I declare that your son is the first of living composers," said the great master who created the symphony and so many chefs d'œuvre.

Mozart had under his direction, when he wrote "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," a very remarkable body of singers. He wrote the part of *Constance* for Cavalieri, a brilliant singer, who possessed a soprano voice of great compass and flexibility. Fischer, a deep base and an excellent actor, created the part of *Osmin*, and the tenor Adamberger, who sang with a great deal of taste, that of *Belmonte*; to Mademoiselle Teyber was assigned the secondary part of *Biondina*, and to Dauer that of *Pedrillo*. Mozart, who was young, without position, having to struggle against powerful adversaries, was obliged to make numerous concessions to those fashionable virtuosi who enjoyed public favor, and who consented to sing the music of a German, well known and esteemed, especially as a composer of instrumental music. This explains the numerous bravura passages filling the airs sung by *Constance*, and the long notes appearing so often in the part of *Osmin*, running to the *ré d'en bas*. In these passages and others that we might cite, Mozart paid his tribute to fortune and to the public taste which it was of importance to please. Even a creative genius must consult the taste of his age. There are certain vocal formulas that have grown out of date in "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," as also in "Le Flûte Enchantée," and even in "Don Juan." They are accessory parts, little details that do not affect the eternal youth of the work. Need we cite the many passages from "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" that have been popular for nearly eighty years, and which still preserve their early freshness; the first air of Belmonte, the well known couplets of *Osmin*, the duo which follows with Belmonte, the chorus on a Turkish march, so lively and so original and the trio that concludes the first act; in the second act the duo for bass and soprano between *Osmin* and *Biondina*, so freshly comic, the air of *Biondina*, the piquante duo between *Osmin* and *Pedrillo*, the admirable air that Belmonte sings, and the quartet that serves as a finale? In the third act, we remark also the pretty romance of *Pedrillo*, the air of *Osmin*

DER FREYSCHÜTZ.

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*Largo maestoso.*

*mf* *p*

*Allegro vivace.*

*con spirito.*

*ff*

*crea*

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Four-Part Songs.

MORNING PRAYER.

MORGENGEBET.)

*Adagio.*

SOPRANO. *f* *p* *pp*

1. Deep silence reigns! mine ear at-tend-ing, Catcheth no sound of joy or mirth! The  
 1. O wun - der - ba - res, tie - fes Schweigen! wie ein-sam ist's noch auf der Welt! die

ALTO. *f* *p* *pp*

TENORE. *f* *p* *pp*

2. I seem as though a-new cre - a - ted, No sor-row now nor want is mine! What  
 2. Ich füh - le mich wie neu ge-schaf-fen, wo ist die Sor - ge nun und Noth? was

BASSO. *f* *p* *pp*

*cres.* *sf* *dim.* *p*

1. woods a - lone in rev'-rence bending, As though God walked up - on the earth, ...  
 1. Wal - der nur sich lei - se nei - gen, als ging der Herr durch's stil - le Feld.....

*cres.* *p*

2. yes - ter - day my soul e - la - ted, To - day I would with joy re - sign, As  
 2. ges - tern noch mich wollt' er - schlaf-fen dess schäm' ich mich im Mor - gen - roth. als To - dess

*cres.*

*f* *p*

As though God walked up - on the earth.  
 als ging der Herr durchs stil - le Feld.  
 To - day I would with joy re - sign.  
 dess schäm' ich mich im Mor - gen - roth.

*f* *p*

As though God walk'd, As though God walk'd up - on the earth.  
 als ging der Herr als ging der Herr durchs stil - le Feld.  
 To - day I would, I would to - day with joy re - sign.  
 dess schäm' ich mich, dess schäm' ich mich im Mor - gen - roth.

*f* *p*

though God walk'd, As though God walk'd, God walk'd up - on the earth.  
 ging der Herr, als ging der Herr der Herr durchs stil - le Feld.  
 - day I would, To - day I would..... with joy re - sign.  
 schäm' ich mich, dess schäm' ich mich..... im Mor - gen roth.

Mendelssohn's

3. The world with all its gains and loss-es, To me is but the pil-grim's road, That  
 3. Die Welt mit ih-rem Gram und Glücke, will ich, ein Pil-ger, froh be-reit be-

*p* *pp* *f* *p* *pp*

o'er life's trou-bled riv-er cros-ses To guide me on to Thee, O God!..  
 - tre - ten nur als ei - ne Brü-cke zu dir, Herr ü - ber'n Strom der Zeit.....

*cres.* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

o'er life's trou-bled riv-er cros-ses To guide me on to Thee, O God! To  
 - tre - ten nur als ei - ne Brü-cke zu dir, Herr ü - ber'n Strom der Zeit zu

*cres.* *cres.* *f* *cres.* *f* *cres.*

..... To guide me on to Thee, O God!  
 ..... zu dir, Herr ü - ber'n Strom der Zeit!

*f* *dim.* *p*

..... To guide me on,..... To guide to Thee, O God!  
 ..... zu dir, zu dir,..... Herr ü - ber'n Strom der Zeit!

*f* *dim.* *p*

guide me on, To guide me on, To guide to Thee, O God!  
 dir, zu dir, zu dir, zu dir, Herr ü - ber'n Strom der Zeit!

*f* *dim.* *p*

so full of comic fury, and the finale which is at once in place and perfectly musical.

"L'Enlèvement du Sérail," which would never have been performed without the patronage of Joseph II., who had just established a national theatre at Vienna, was a great event for Germany. This delicious chef d'œuvre of Mozart was received with enthusiasm. Since the little popular operas of Hiller, Dittersdorf, and other composers of the second and third order, the public heard for the first time, beautiful and original music written by a German on a national theme. On the subject of "L'Enlèvement du Sérail," the emperor Joseph II. might have used those often quoted words: "Very well, my dear Mozart, but too many notes." "Not one more than is needed, Sire," would have answered the great musician, who had not the spirit that certain Parisian journals would give him, but who had the consciousness of genius, and the dignity of an honest man. Weber, who certainly understood music, passed upon "L'Enlèvement du Sérail" a judgment worthy of the author of "Der Freyschütz," which obtained the approbation of Gluck. "I have a strong preference," said Weber, "for this charming production which overflows with the gaiety, ardor, sweetness and feeling of Mozart's beautiful youth. I seem to feel in this liquid and serene music that irrepressible charm, that grace, perfume of happiness that a first love gives. Yes, I think that Mozart has reached the perfection of art in this work, and that it would have been easier for him to write a second 'Don Juan' than to find again the serene inspiration that characterizes 'L'Enlèvement du Sérail.'" In this way do the masters of art speak of their predecessors. To those writers without taste or style who take revenge upon the memory of great men, for the mistakes of a ridiculous and unsatisfied ambition, we may apply those fine words of Bacon, "No one denies the existence of a God, but he whose purpose it serves that there should be no God." P. SCUDO.

### Music as taught in our Schools.

By PROF. H. KAPPES, SKELBYVILLE.

We are obliged to the author for a copy of an essay read before the Educational Society of the Southern States, at Macon, Georgia. After a general introduction of the subject, he proceeds as follows:

Let us consider for a few moments, by what means a general knowledge of music both vocal and instrumental, may be attained. Education in the first may properly be commenced with the earliest attempt to develop a child's mind—indeed, it should go hand in hand with every essential branch of learning, and, to learn to sing well should be regarded as not less important than the ability to read well. And here, let it be remarked, that proficiency, both in the one and in the other is the work of slow, and almost imperceptible degrees. All that belongs to a child's education should be allowed to grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength. *There is no royal road in Music*; time and training are necessary here, as in all other acquirements. It is absurd to suppose, that the voice can be cultivated, the ear trained, the eye accustomed to musical notation, and all this effected "in a few easy lessons." Other things being equal, a child may be expected to learn to sing, in about the same time as will be required to make him a good reader. With instrumental Music, a longer period of training will be requisite according to the degree of perfection to be attained; and here, as in the former case, too great results must not be expected, in too short space of time. The piano is the instrument usually selected as the one best suited to the purposes of a general musical education. This, with the cultivation of the voice, is the task generally assigned to teachers of music in our schools. And here, allow me to remark upon the manner in which teachers are sometimes required to perform their duties. A musical education, so called, is regarded as indispensable to the list of accomplishments, with which every young lady, who graduates from our seminaries, must be furnished. She certainly must be able to play some popular waltzes and polkas, to sing a few sentimental airs, otherwise she will not be considered fashionable and possessed of the necessary passport to good society. The instructor then, who

can compass this object, in the shortest possible space of time, is caressed by the public and called a capital fellow! No matter if said young lady understands no more of musical literature and science, than the veriest child; she can, nevertheless, make a noise and silence all criticism by the clamor performance. Possibly, one or two good pieces may have been learned imperfectly by dint of continual repetition; but how painful to the educated listener, is the absence of expression, and entire lack of appreciation, which the whole performance displays. Too frequently, those teachers are preferred, whose only object seems to be that of pleasing pupils and patrons by catering to a depraved or uneducated taste, while they who are well qualified for their office, are often constrained to make compromise with their better judgment in gratifying that love of vain display, which interferes so materially with true progress in this divine art. This they must do, or themselves become a sacrifice to their love of truth. Look, for instance, at some of the advertisements, in our musical papers, of schools in quest of teachers. Mark you the qualifications there specified as being required, and if there be one found willing to stand up and say, "I am the man," he must be bold indeed, and possess a vanity and temerity capable of outraging shafts of keenest ridicule. Observe the following, as extracted from the "Musical World" of January 17th, 1856, as illustrative of my meaning.

"Dear Sir: I want a well educated lady or gentleman for this Institute. If a gentleman, a fair linguist, say Latin, Greek, and French, and if Spanish and German could be added, all the better; a thorough English scholar as well, with fair mathematical attainments, and a fine correct perspective draughtsman, and a skilful painter; also a thorough musician in the theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, including violin, harp, piano, organ, guitar, and accordion. He must be a gentleman and an honest man; habits and morals unexceptionable, an example for a Protestant clergyman; good sound bodily health; great industry; an early riser, with a good, accommodating disposition; a Sabbath observer, with a disposition to lay hand on an organ and make the audience feel (what he himself feels) the awful majesty and incomprehensible mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Salary to begin with \$1,000 and board in the Institute for the school term of ten months. Vacation from July 31st. to October 1st. When this person once suits and is snited, we shall not part on the ground of salary. The gentleman must also understand how to keep pianos in tune and repair. Now, if you could ship me such a gentleman by the first ocean steamer, it would greatly oblige your friend and well wisher,

"SAMUEL THORNTON,  
"Principal of the S. Tennessee Collegiate Institute."

We know not whether the writer of the above was successful in finding the object of his search, but if so, we would respectfully suggest that the fortunate of so many varied accomplishments might do well to exhibit himself as a prodigy of acquirements, and if the salary should be enlarged to the extent of his merits, it must be sufficient to satisfy the most extensive desire.

The true teacher should be a man of modest merit, well acquainted with the wants of the age and of the community where he is called upon to exercise his talents. He should be strictly independent in his methods of imparting instruction, regarding only the true interests of his pupils, by aiming to develop and cultivate a refined taste, together with a correct and finished style of performance. Of the means necessary to accomplish this purpose, the instructor is, of course, best qualified to judge. He must not be influenced by the whims of pupils, regarding the pieces to be learned. The great abundance of trashy sheet-music, dedicated invariably to Mammon, or the goddess of Fashion, often gives the conscientious music-teacher a world of trouble. He is constantly beset with solicitations from bright eyes and rosy lips—"Please let me learn Bonaparte's Retreat," or somebody else's march—until, what with quicksteps, marches, and retreats, he is himself often disposed to beat a retreat and war no longer against existing prejudices.

"'Tis true, 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," that a large amount of money is annually expended in the so-called musical education of young ladies, and yet, without the results which ought to be expected. I know not that parents should be held responsible for a want of correct musical taste; but, they may at least refrain from the practice of fault-finding, so common among many who have never heard better music than "Yankee Doodle" or "Fisher's Hornpipe."

Not long ago, a worthy resident of this State, anxious that his daughter should be considered some-

what preëminent in the possession of an accomplished education, sent her to Philadelphia for the purpose of receiving further instruction from a distinguished Professor of Music. She labored diligently during her stay, and really accomplished more than could have been expected. Delighted with her acquisitions, she returned home, and, in obedience to a request of her father, made haste to exhibit her skill, by playing for him one of Mozart's sonatas in a style really artistic. The old gentleman listened perfectly silent, until the conclusion of the piece, when, instead of the coveted commendation she had so confidently expected, he gravely remarked, "Well, Sally, do you intend to inflict such torture as that on all who ask you to play? Be assured, I shall ask you no more."

So, in our own experience, after having labored faithfully for several sessions, and merited, as we thought, the gratitude of both parents and pupils for our efforts, we have been mortified exceedingly by remarks like the following: "True, my daughter can play a great many fine pieces, but she does not yet know 'Bonaparte's crossing the Rhine,'" and in consequence thereof said daughter was immediately withdrawn from further instruction.

The cultivation of public taste, we are aware, must necessarily be a slow process, and great patience will be required in its accomplishment. Those, however, who have gained access within the sacred temple of Art, and can gaze with eye unveiled upon its glories, must not stand forever upon its portals, and close the door to such as would enter; rather let them, with guiding hand, assist all to comprehend its mysteries, leading in such as would search for hidden treasures, until they are qualified to share in the higher enjoyments of a cultivated nature. But, it is not with those who are advanced in life, that we can expect to accomplish much in the way of reform and education; it is with the young, and here, we believe, a very general mistake is made by nearly all classes of society. The work of musical instruction is allowed to commence quite too late in life. A child of six or seven years may profitably learn to sing, and, at the same time become accustomed to the keys of the piano in the use of finger-exercises, &c. This process continued with daily assiduity, yet so as not to fatigue the child, will invariably prove a source of profit, and lay the foundation for future excellence. Musical instruction should, in the majority of instances, be continued much longer than is customary in this country. The reason why the harp, piano, and guitar are laid aside so soon after connection with the school ceases, is not that the possessors thereof cannot find time for the exercise of their talents, but, rather because their education was imperfect; they were not self-reliant and capable of becoming their own teachers.

The instructor in Music, then, must, as I have before intimated, be one who understands his business; not a man of enlarged pretension, laying claim to a variety of accomplishments, such as no ordinary mortal could be expected to possess; but one, who with a competent knowledge of his art, is independent and persevering in his efforts to lead his youthful disciples where they can appreciate and feel the power of true music.

The successful teacher must be a man of refined sensibility, of cultivated taste, noble and conscientious, with a high veneration for sacred things. These qualifications we hold to be indispensable, and having secured the services of such a one, interfere not too frequently with his plans. Allow him the free exercise of his judgment in the selection of appropriate studies, and, above all, let him have your sympathy and approbation; discourage him not by cold looks and still colder words. If he is faithful and energetic, he is necessarily an enthusiast; and, let me tell you, if he would conscientiously perform his duty, his is a thankless task. Far easier would it be, for him oftentimes to relieve his patrons of their money, in exchange for trifles of instruction, which merely tickle the ear and the fancy for a short period, and they, perhaps, would feel far better satisfied. But no, he will neither so degrade his favorite profession, nor falsify his better feelings; he will aim at the accomplishment of a praiseworthy object, and leave it for time to decide on the merit of his doings.

The standard of musical taste among the people must be elevated by making them acquainted with good compositions. Such music should frequently be rehearsed in their hearing; explanations, relative to its design and meaning, should be given by those qualified for the task; and, there is no doubt, even the uneducated would soon come to realize a degree of pleasure in listening, to which they were once entire strangers.

The music of our schools should invariably comprise an attention to Church Music, properly so-called; and we refer not, now, to the tunes so generally sung in our churches by choirs trained for the purpose, but to that higher, more dignified and sacred style, which

is alone appropriate to the worship of God; where the whole congregation unite their voices, as with one soul in the music, and on the wings of melody, rise to the throne of the Most High. The young should be taught to participate in this part of divine service, and where can a training for this purpose be more easily effected than during the period of school education? They should learn to understand the distinction between secular and church music. They should be taught that because certain airs are agreeable, they are not necessarily appropriate for the expression of religious feeling. Not simply because *they like them*, should certain airs be sung in church; rather should they be instructed to *like what is appropriate* in church music. Good congregational singing will no longer be regarded impossible, when the young of both sexes are taught to sing in our schools, well selected melodies, such as are adapted to the expression of genuine religious feeling. Then, as they grow older, their tastes having been properly formed they will possess a true idea of church music as it should be; and, we shall not find the hallowed strains of "Old Hundred," and "Gloria in Excelsis," giving way to some profane love-song or negro melody, whose only claim to merit is, "that they please," "they go well." Alas! alas! that both old and young should look for mere musical excitement and diversion in church music, instead of aiming at religious benefit.

To correct this, as well as other evils to which I have alluded, the axe must be laid at the root of the tree. Youth of both sexes must be adequately instructed in the principles and practice of the various styles of music appropriate to different purposes, and Normal Schools, for the education of teachers in this particular branch of study, must be established all over our land; then, and not till then, may we expect to see the work of reformation fully commenced. Then will the true glory of our country begin to dawn, and a brighter day arise, wherein all will have occasion to rejoice.

The various ends for which a knowledge of music ought to be cultivated, are so important and so numerous, that it seems to me no means can be disproportionate. It is worthy the efforts of all to inquire, What are the best means for a general diffusion of musical knowledge? and having so learned them, let those who occupy positions of influence lend their aid willingly towards the bestowal of this blessing on society. Then may we hope to see those grosser pleasures, in which many of the present day freely indulge, giving place to the refined charms of music. Men are social beings, they will congregate for various purposes, let them then be encouraged to exercise the musical talents acquired during the process of education. Listen, now, to those happy glees, as they rise up to Heaven's pure sky, and roll on and on, until lost in ether! or to the well-tuned orchestra, discoursing its delightful harmonies to listening thousands under the broad free canopy of Heaven, and tell me if it does not afford an innocent pastime which may well take the place of a lower order of entertainment! How cheering the influence, too, which such a scene exerts over the mind of the listener. He goes forth to his work, on the following day, with steady hand and placid brow, while ever and anon, the irresistible echoes of past sounds break forth over desk or counter into jovial or plaintive hummings, as if the memory were rejoicing too much in her sweet possessions to be able to conceal them. Happy recollections these for wife or sister, to whose voice or piano he is frequently indebted for pleasures, it is a pleasure to give, and who lead him with those exquisite strains as with a silken string.

There is, we believe, but one class of men who condemn the practice of music, and they are fanatics; and there is only one order of beings, who, according to Dr. Luther, hate it, and they are DEVILS.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1860.

### Editorial Correspondence.

#### VI.

Geneva, Sept. 1, 1860.

I set out, in my last, with trying to recall some musical as well as other impressions of these weeks in Switzerland. But music was of course the smallest, merest incidental part of it. Of music proper the account is summed up in a couple of organ-concerts, which but half seemed to make one feel at home again, in cities in the lowland after daily intercourse with snowy peaks and glaciers and wild

mountain passes, rushing streams and spray cascades, the picturesque, the sweet, the human everywhere nestling at the feet and on the very knees of the terrific and the grand. The first of these was at Berne, and wholly unexpected. After going upon the Schanze, to look off over the old city, and to seek in vain through clouds for that famed horizon panorama of the mountains, I had left behind me; after wandering through the curious streets, and under those gloomy, heavy, catacomb-like arcades which enclose the side-walks, and seeing the omnipresent emblem of the city of bears; the statues and the curious fountains, especially that one surmounted by the "Kinderfresser," grotesque Panchinello of a Saturn cramming a child down his mouth, with other children under his arm and in his basket ready to devour, while round the base of the statue march a troop of bears in armor; and the old clock tower, where the bears come out and walk round in procession, when the curious mannikin above brings down his hammer on the bell; I came at nightfall to the old Cathedral and approaching the portal, whence rich organ sounds were issuing, was asked by the sexton if I had a ticket. Here every one that thirst eth could not come "without money and without price," it seemed. Berne was copying Freyburg, making a good thing out of the summer travel, by giving organ concerts every evening at a franc a head. We gladly paid and groped our way along the aisle, amid the shades of twilight, to the furthest end of the church, where we saw, or felt, some scores of curious listeners about us. The organ is a fine one, not so large as that of the sister city, but very powerful; rich, sonorous, brilliant in its full combinations, and with a singularly interesting quality of reed tones. The organist, if not Mendel's *Sohn*, is Mendel. He was in the middle of his programme when we entered. What we heard was good—music of a solid, edifying sort, worthy of a good sound musician, although it did not prove his powers remarkable. A well known March of Handel's (from *Judas Macchabees*, if I mistake not), was his theme, which returned several times with great emphasis amid clever variations and digressions. He played also one or two plain chorales, and tantalized with just a bit of fugue. To the wanderer, away from all society of friends or mountains now, the lingering vibration of such music chimed well with the walk upon the terrace round the church, with the full moon gleaming on the Aar that washed its walls a hundred feet below, and silencing the tiled house roofs of the streets down there, and the hanging gardens climbing to the Münster's feet, and showing the bronze statue of the old Count of Zähringen, the founder of the city, with a bear for squire and helmet bearer, in bold relief.

The tower of the Berne Cathedral is remarkably rich in great bells—a dozen I should think—each sacred to particular occasions, the largest weighing 27,000 lbs., and bearing curious figures and inscriptions. The tower-keeper was proud of his bells, and made me hear the story and the tone of every one. And very rich and musical they were. Upon a long beam near the biggest bell is notched a comparative scale of the diameters of all the famous bells in Europe; this one, if I remember, stands the next to the great bell in London.

Most travellers hurry past the strange old city of Freyburg, content with crossing its wonderful wire bridge, (which spans like a spider's web the chasm in which the city is built, half on a level with the river's banks, and half down on the beach two hundred and fifty feet below), with glancing at the old Gothic church, and listening a half hour to its organ. But it is well worth a day or two days stay. You dine at the very nice and comfortable hotel at the end of the bridge aforesaid, and on the edge of the high town, whose houses look so strangely, almost crowding one another over the sheer precipice—a very nice hotel indeed, and quite practically situ-

ated, where you can sit on a terrace amid masses of choice and beautiful plants, and great cages of many colored birds withal, and look off over the town and down the deeply excavated channel of the river—the "Zähringer Hof" the hotel is called—a famous name that in this region—the old bear-slaying Count was founder both of Berne, named from the bear, and Freyburg—and here you notice in the dining hall a portrait of a dark, stout, full-blooded, little man, improvising as it were most energetically at an organ, with the black eyes rolled upward courting inspiration. This is Herr Vogt, who plays the famous Freyburg organ in the St. Nicholas Church. Lithographs of the portrait are for sale there also. A little too much of the lion about this. However you are happy to pay your franc for the card which mine host offers you, and walk a few rods to the church, a fine old Gothic specimen, though not one of the greatest. Over the deep arched portal is a wealth of sculptured relief, representing, as in so many of the old Gothic churches, heaven and hell and the last judgement; but here the picture is wrought with a grotesque inventiveness somewhat peculiar. You see an angel weighing people in scales, a devil clinging to one scale and trying to drag it down; another angel lifting a poor wicked mortal by the shoulders, about to swing him into the scale; a devil with a swine's hand dragging a batch of sinners by a chain, and with another batch in a basket on his back, to a huge cauldron under which a smaller devil blows the fire with bellows; hell in the corner typified by the jaws of a devouring monster; the good inducted into paradise on the right, &c., &c. The interior is not very striking. The great object of interest is the organ, which is placed above the entrance, and does not look so very large, although it contains 67 registers with 7800 pipes, some of them of course of thirty-two feet. Albert Mooser, who died in 1839, was the builder. Haase built the one in Berne.

The studied feature of the programme, much of which was improvisation of the fantasia kind, was the representation of a festival and concert interrupted by a storm, with alternation and mingling of fancy stops, Alpine echoes, bells, rolling thunder, lightning, and all that—a standing dish, we judged, for it was repeated in the evening. It certainly was very skillfully arranged to show the instrument, and contained many beautiful and grand effects. There was a *Vox Humana* stop, which really sounded like a voice, a choir of fervent tenor voices, singing a religious strain in the far recesses of a great cathedral, and we knew not which most to admire, the beauty of the violin family of stops, the fine quality of the reeds, or the wonderfully liquid, bright and sweet tones of the various flutes. We never heard an organ voiced to so fine and various expressiveness. And the great stops, the trombones, the trumpets, the great basses, and the general mass of harmony, were wonderfully satisfying and imposing. The various allusions to Alpine sounds seemed to us, who had just come from the regions which they haunt, strikingly true and natural. One of the most striking was the regular stroke of a sharp, high toned bell, just as we heard it all day in a little village on the St. Gotthard road, during the great rain that threatened to flood all the valley of the Reuss, suggesting not quite pleasant thoughts of the possibility of another Golgatha catastrophe.

At sunset, after a long ramble through the strange up and down streets of the town, and over the green heights overlooking it, wondering at old towers and walls, peeping into curious little Catholic chapels, fascinated by quaint old houses, and finding the interminable stone stairs that lead from high streets into low ones more fatiguing than the mountain passes, I came round to the church again. They have two organ concerts daily during the height of the travelling season. This time the programme was more classical; for, besides the "Storm Fantasia," it con-

sisted in great part of Mozart. The organist had promised me a good fugue by Bach; but, not seeing me enter (how could he in the dark!) he did not feel emboldened to bring out such old wine before a modern crowd of travellers. But who will grumble when he can have Mozart! And this time we had the noble march from *Idomeneo* (repeated in the *Zauberflöte*), worked up into many very curious and interesting variations, well suited to the organ, and exhibiting the organist's as well as to composer's skill to great advantage. He told me afterwards, the variations were the work of a young man in Leipzig. He must have talent. Next we recognize the *Fantasia* followed by *Sonata*, which Mozart wrote for the piano. The characteristic expressions of the different movements were brought out by singularly felicitous contrasts and combinations of stops; and we must own we never felt the grandeur of the introduction and the other stronger parts, nor the heart-felt singing beauty of the slow movements, in that composition, so fully before. Even the "Storm" affair derived a certain interest from the impassioned warmth and vividness of color with which the organist worked up his picture; varying it somewhat from the afternoon's performance and yielding to his own mood with some felicity of inspiration. We were in no way disappointed in the famous organ. The performance also had great merits; yet it was not all one craves in presence of so grand an instrument. Our hope of hearing organ playing here in the old world of organs and cathedrals remains still unrealized. What has Germany in store for us? Alas, that Mendelssohn is dead!

There was much, however, to work on the imagination in the circumstances under which we heard this organ. Think of sitting there under the solemn Gothic arches of the vast church, with the dim outlines thereof and of indefinite columns, altars, monuments, stained windows, rather suggested than made visible by the slender rays of the lamp swung up there at the organist's desk, and of the lantern with which the old Küster (sexton) below conducts the listeners in and out! The marvellous flood of tones poured down upon you in such darkness, amid such surroundings, with all the changes and surprises of remote sounds entering, beautiful as strange, so life-like too, now sounds of nature, tone-spirits such as haunt the snow Alps or the cascades in the valleys, now wild echoes of the horn, now human voices,—all this gathered up into the great religious volume and full fugue and choral of so grand an Organ, in so grand a place, in so strange an hour, could not but touch the springs of mystery and poetry and feeling of the infinite within you. It was not like the clap-trap miracles of virtuosos whom we hear in brilliant concert-rooms.

I still hope to recall some snatches of a certain music which the sounds of nature among the Alps, left humming and ringing strangely in the mind's ear.

Our notice of the opera is necessarily brief. Like some of our unsuccessful pin-wheels touched off for admiring children on a damp Fourth-of-July evening, the machine sparkled, gyrated once or twice hesitatingly, and then fizzled out, leaving only an odor of brimstone in the darkness that followed. Truth to say, the season was determined by events beyond the manager's control and we presume he did wisely to stop.

The only performance since our last issue which we care to mention, was that of *La Traviata*, which was really admirable in many respects. Madame Cortesi made the most of the consumptive heroine, singing with more taste and finish than we have ever observed in her style, and acting with consummate skill.

Signor Musiani acquitted himself with his usual success, although it seems to us that in the more pas-

sionate scenes, his tones, meant to be simply pathetic, sounded rather too much like wailing. Signor Amodio the younger was warmly received, and baring the inevitable awkwardness of a debutant, made a decided impression. His voice, though not so ponderous as his brother's, is full, clear and resonant, and his method is good. He promises to be a fine artist.

The second performance of *The Barber* we did not see, nor could we attend the *matinée* on Saturday.

Signor Servadio promises to return in the Spring with a larger troupe and (we trust) under more favorable circumstances.

We take pleasure in calling attention to Mr. THOMAS RYAN's card in another column. He is so well known in this vicinity as a public performer and a teacher that any commendation of his merits in either respect is almost superfluous.

The PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, we learn, is presently awaiting the subsiding of the tumultuous waves of the political campaign, which entirely absorbs the thoughts and time of the whole Nation just now, before making any stir about its doings next winter. But we are assured that it is neither dead nor sleeping.

THE BOSTON MUSICAL TIMES charges us with enjoying and appropriating the articles on "Wagner," admirably translated from Scudo, by Mr. C. J. SPRAGUE, (as may be guessed from the signature), and copied in this Journal. We plead guilty to the enjoyment and appropriation, but not to any felonious intent. In the best regulated families, accidents will happen, as is well known; how much more in an ill regulated one with no head, like ours, or at best, a head somewhat distracted by unaccustomed cares and often embarrassed by conflicting duties.

## Musical Correspondence.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 8.—I have not written you of late, because nothing of an *extremely* musical nature has occurred to call for any particular correspondence from me. Lovers of negro minstrelsy have surely had no cause to complain of not having opportunities enough to gratify their tastes, in listening to stale jokes and thread-bare dittos, through the cheap medium of "burnt cork;" for the "Morris Brothers," the "New Orleans Serenaders," the Campbells, and I don't know how many more Ethiopian companies have of late chased one another in rapid succession in and out of the city, thereby illustrating again the Longfellowish idea—

"Never comes a 'Negro Minstrel,'  
But another's sure to follow."

And I see by the big bills that still another troupe is to follow this week. What were the "Dark Ages" compared with the present one?

Had it not been for the concerts of two of our own artists, this, I am afraid, uninteresting letter would never have been indited. I allude to the ballad entertainment by our favorite Soprano, MRS. PRESTON, and the Organ Concert of Mr. GEO. E. WHITING, organist at the North Congregational Church. MRS. PRESTON was assisted by a Mr. DRAPER, of New York, and Mr. OSCA MAYO, of this city, as pianist. The hall was quite well filled, and the performances, generally, very fine. The selections might have been better, and have given much more pleasure to the audience. MRS. PRESTON rarely fails to delight her friends in whatever she undertakes; Mr. MAYO is a good performer; but would have gained more admirers had he made a little different selection.

MR. WHITING gave his concert at the North Church, last Wednesday evening, upon one of Messrs. Hook's fine three-banked organs. He was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. STRICKLAND, Messrs. FOLEY,

WANDER, and CADY, and the Chorus of the "Beethoven Society," under the direction of Mr. JAMES G. BARNETT, who acquitted themselves in their usually fine manner.

Mr. Whiting gave us the following classical selections:—

"Grand Sonata in F Minor," by Mendelssohn; "Organ Fugue in G Minor," by Bach; "Overture to Guillaume Tell," by Rossini; "Pastorale," by Kulak; "Chorus," by Handel; and a most meritorious "Fantasia for the Organ," by himself. These were all performed in an astonishingly facile and masterly manner—and would have brought down sounds of applause, but for a very proper reverence for the sacredness of the place. He certainly possesses a most remarkable talent, which has been well cultivated by indefatigable study and practice—placing him already among the very few *really* classical organ performers in the country. He is quite a young man—not yet twenty years of age—and, considering his present immense execution, must in a few years make himself famous.

THE DRAYTONS—the charming inimitable Draytons—are again to delight us with their fine singing and acting this evening. They are here for only two nights; and, accordingly, the house will be densely packed. What is finer than Mr. Drayton's impersonation and singing of old "Simon the Cellarer?" It is insurmountable. H.

## Musical Miscellany.

Citizens of St. Louis did not contribute fifteen thousand dollars towards the establishment of a Philharmonic Society, as the types had it last week, but only five thousand.

DRESDEN (Germany) has at last, on the 26th of July, been blessed with the first performance of Verdi's "Trovatore." It was a success of course.

WHAT IS IT.—There is a mysterious Opera which figured largely in the manifestos of the Opera Company just departed. It was sometimes printed *La Juiz*, sometimes *La Juif*, and again *Le Juise*, and in plain English "The Jew." It was evident that it was not Halévy's "Jewess," and just as evident that nobody knew much about it. It was turns out to have been an Opera by *Apolloni*, one of the very latest of Italian composers, and its real and proper name is *L'Ebros*.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 6.—The Cecilia Society began their fifth season yesterday by a well attended concert, given to members exclusively, as all their concerts are, with the following programme:

Gipsy's Life, for mixed Chorus and Soli.....	Schumann.
Funeral March, by Chopin.....	Piano Solo.
La Chasse, by Hiller.....	
Ave Maria. Song.....	Schubert.
Psalm for Chorus of female voices.....	Lachner.
Scena and Prayer.....	"Freischütz."
Solo and Chorus from "Templer und Jüdin".....	Marschner.
The Forty-second Psalm, (As the hart pants), for Solo, Chorus and Orchestra.....	Mendelssohn.

VIENNA.—A new Opera by Anton Rubinstein, with the title "The Children of the Prairie," meaning probably the gipseys of Bohemia, has been accepted by the management of the Court-theatre. It is said that the composer received one thousand Florins for the score. The opera will be brought out for the first time in November.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says that Mlle Patti gets fifteen hundred dollars a month for her services in the Strakosch and Ullman Opera Troupe, in the former city Max Maretzek has the musical directorship at one hundred and fifty dollars a week; and when Tambrlik performs, which will be late in the season, it will be at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars for twenty-five nights. Valuable voices these are.

**A UNIQUE LETTER.**—The following letter was recently found among the old documents belonging to Trinity Church, Boston. There is no date to it, and the exact period when the writer was organist, is not known. The prices named for church music are in marked contrast with those now paid by the same church. The total expense now being about \$1800 per annum, of which sum the organist receives \$500.

P. A. von Hagen, Organist of the Trinity Church, Boston

Respectfully informs the honorable Wardens of said Church that their Organ is much out of Repair and Tune. By a close Examination of it he found; That the greater part of the metal pipes are onsodered and stoped with a Stuff, which generally gathers on lead; the wooden ones onglued; the Trumpet-Supporters are partly dislodged, and the principal part of the Reeds are eat up by Verdegreaase. The wooden pipes, as well as the metal ones must be voiced. The Keys wants to be regulated. The Cloth under neath of the Keys is eat by the moths. Ten pipes are missing. The great part of the Leather of the Bellows is cracked and must be new. The Conductors leak; the tops and bottoms of the leaders and Rollers are worn so much, that they cause a Rattling while playing; they also make they Keys stick fast. The touch has sunk an eighth of an Inch. The Levell-box is warpt. In short, there is no Article in the whole Instrument, but what wants more or less Repair. It is however a Common Case with an Organ which is getting old. The Reparation of it will cost by a moderate Calculation, about one hundred Dollars. The Organ might be greatly improved by an Addition of Pedals for to play the low Bass with the Feet, as it has an excellent Effect in slow Psalm Tunes. The Cost of which would not exceed Thirty Dollars.

He respectfully solicits, that his Salary, which is now \$150, may be raised to \$200 per Annum.

The Motives of this Request are as follows:

1st. Having a Prospect of a larger Salary some where else.

2d. House Rent and Provisions being unusually high, and

3d. Wishing to have the Instrument always in Tune, which ought to be examined every Saturday, and paying for Bellows blowing, he, in his opinion, ought in some regard be compensated. He has worked and spendd his time several Days in Order to make the Organ playable, for which he has not made any charge.

He hopes, that the above Request will not meet any Objection, as he is attached to the Church and would prefe're worshipping there, to any other Place. Nothing could induce him to leave the church, excepting the Interest of his Family.—*Eve. Transcript.*

**THE ORGANIST OF TRINITY CHURCH.**—*Mr. Editor:* The Supplement to the Transcript of Saturday has an antique letter from P. A. Von Hagen, formerly Organist of Trinity Church in this city, but the exact period, as you say, "is not known." Allow me to say that he was the organist prior to 1810, and his immediate successor was Mr. James Hewitt, father to Mrs. Ostinelli, and grandfather to the distinguished cantatrice Biscaccianti. Mr. Van Hagen was the father of a late esteemed Marine Reporter of this city, who, with the rest of the family, was induced to assume his maternal name on account of the erratic movements of the father. Among other celebrities that constituted the choir while Mr. Van Hagen was the organist of Trinity Church, was the celebrated painter, Stewart Newton, and his lamented brother Hibbard, who fell at the battle of Salamanca. Gilbert Stewart, our own famous painter, was a frequent attendant in the organ loft, and I can well remember the diversion he caused by his peculiar method of taking snuff. His snuff was worn or carried in a leather pocket without a box, and on occasion he would take a handful of the article, into which he would thrust his nose instead of applying it "between the finger and the thumb." On one occasion, John, the bellows blower, was absent from duty, and it was ascertained that the cause was dissatisfaction with his pay. Mr. S. Newton, on the moment, passed among the choir the following impromptu;

• • • strives in vain the choir to please  
Von Hagen's fingers travel o'er the keys,  
All strive in vain—ah foolish fellows,  
What can ye do while John won't blow the bellows.

To return to Mr. Von Hagen. In the year 1819 he was at Fort Independence as the teacher and leader of the band under Col. Eastis, and frequently came over with the soldiers and the band to assist in the music in St. Matthew's Church, in South Boston. Some eight or nine years afterwards he was employed in teaching a portion of the colored band, at the south part of the city. From that time I lost sight of him, but I think that he ended his days in one of

the eleemosynary institutions of the city. He was a man of kind feelings and of considerable musical talent for those days. His residence, when I was a schoolboy, was in Essex street, near the corner of Short, now Kingston street. The organ of which he had the charge in Trinity Church, is now, if I mistake not, in the church in Pittsfield, Mass. The organ builders must have worked cheaply to be willing to put in a pedal base for "thirty dollars." R.

**PAGANINI.**—Did you ever know that Paganini was desperately fond of gaming once? I shall tell you how he was cured of his passion. Paganini's favorite violin was a large Guarnerius, so called from Guarnerius, their maker, (these instruments are worth twice their weight in gold,) which a Russian Prince was anxious to purchase from him. He often asked Paganini to sell it to him, and at last, Paganini, tired of his repeated appeals, told him he would sell the violin for \$1,000. The Prince told him he must be joking to ask such a sum of money, but that he would give him \$500 for it. Paganini had lost everything he owned at gaming tables the night before; his jewels, his rings, his breastpins, his watch, had all been lost, and he had nothing in the world but thirty francs and his violin left. He was about to accept the Prince's offer, when he determined to appeal once more to the gambling table. He did so. He lost, lost, lost—nothing was left in his hand but three francs, and he was obliged to leave the next day for St. Petersburg! He staked these three francs. The run of luck turned, and he soon won money enough to carry him to St. Petersburg. "I was saved!" said Paganini, speaking of this incident. "I was sure of keeping my beloved Guarnerius. Since then, I saw that a gambler is the most contemptible being on the earth, and I have never since touched a card." —*N. O. Delta.*

**TAMBERLIK AND HIS UT SHARP.**—The fête at Blois is the only thing I have heard of which has broken the monotony of the season and political hemisphere. M'mes Ugalde, Wertheimer, Messrs. Faure, Levasseur and Tamberlik (by the way, it is said here Tamberlik has been offered \$80,000 for eight months; if you wish to have him, pay him any price to get him in his prime, and do not do, as you did with Mario and Grisi, wait until they were voiceless before you summoned them with your golden wand. It is as cheap, even pecuniarily, to get them in their prime: for singers, like the Roman Sybil, increase their demands as they have less to offer); Messrs. Sainte Foye and Ponchard were the seven singers heard. Let me tell you the origin of Mr. Tamberlik's famous "ut sharp," which is worth so much money to him. He is by birth a Roman, but his family is of Polish origin. He stuttered badly when he was a child, and his family destined him to slumber in the stalls of the church. He ran away from the theological seminary and entered the army. Discovering one day that he had a splendid tenor's voice, he quitted the army, and took Guglielmi (a son of the celebrated Guglielmi) for his singing master, under whom he made such progress he was soon engaged at the San Carlo; he and Fraschini (who was several years older than himself) sharing between them the tenor's parts, Fraschini singing the *forte* and Tamberlik the *tenorino*. Being wretchedly paid at this opera house, he quitted Italy for Spain, where he obtained an excellent engagement at Barcelona. One day, while rehearsing a new part in which he was to appear that evening, he lost his voice. Nevertheless, there was no such thing as closing the opera house, or changing the piece; for the Court had commanded the opera and the performance. "Then, if you can't sing, bawl," exclaimed the leader of the orchestra, upon Tamberlik's saying: "By Jove! I cannot sing!" "Bawl," continued the leader of the orchestra; "I'll give you the pitch!" and he knocked the piano as hard as he could. All at once, Tamberlik, the *tenorino*, who never sang anything, except the softest, sweetest melodies, thundered "do sharp" in clear, bell-tongued tones—his fortune was made, a new "star" rose above the lyric horizon. 'Tis strange we have no altars to Accident; what miracles this god hath wrought!—*lb.*

**SIGNOR BRIGNOLI.**—It is growing out of fashion to decry Brignoli on account of his acting, to which he makes little pretension. There is never an occasion when an audience in Philadelphia is not glad to welcome him. The fact is, his voice alone is worth more than others' acting and singing combined. He is, besides, the most elegant gentleman upon the lyric stage. His fine person, his almost beautiful face, his incomparable voice, added to his manliness and gentleness, off and on the stage, will always render him a favorite *par excellence*, spite of the most ingenious critical industry.

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